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“YES!”

AN OPERATIC INTERLUDE, IN ONE ACT,
 BY C. A. SOMERSET.

*Author of Shakspeare's Early Days, Sylvana, Crazy Jane,
 A Day after the Fair, Tom Topmast, &c.*

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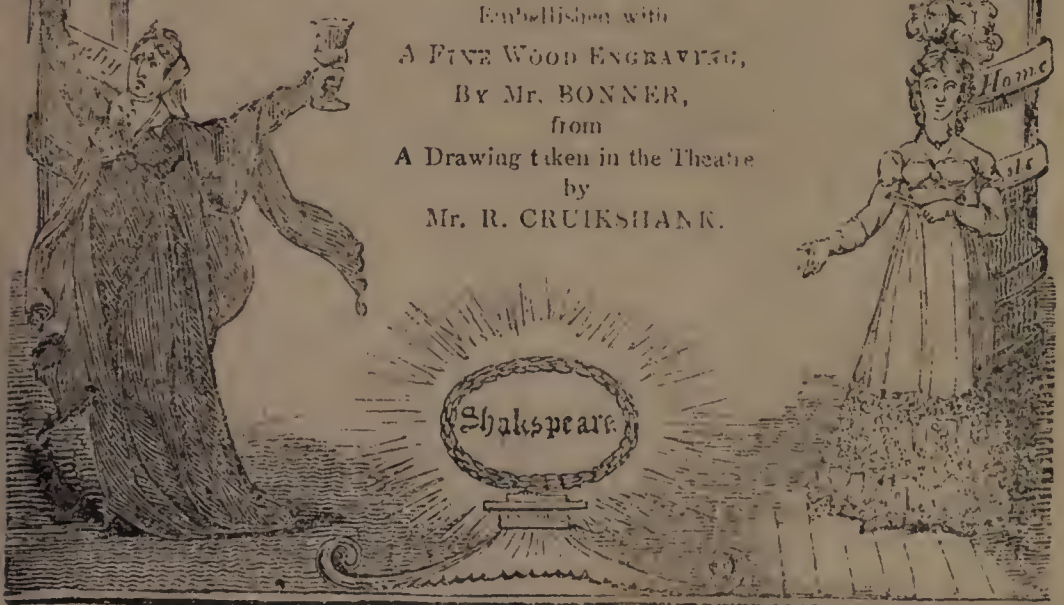
With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,

By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the
 CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE
 POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and
 the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-
 formed in the MERTROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with
 A FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,
 By Mr. BONNER,
 from
 A Drawing taken in the Theatre
 by
 Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.



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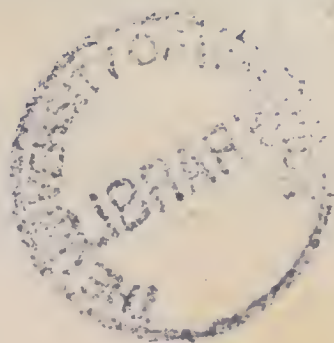
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G. W. Bonner, Sc.

“ Yes ! ”

Geddino. There, your Highness, is poor Geddino's present.

Act I. Scene 2.

“ Y E S ! ”

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REMARKS.

“Yes!”

It has been asked, “What’s in a name?” We answer, a great deal. A queer name is generally supposed to have some relevancy to the person or thing that bears it. Our ancestors are remarkable for their adoption of quaint names. A metropolitan ramble will soon convince us on this point. We are encountered at every turn by a series of whimsical combinations applied to streets, lanes, and alleys—while our signs exhibit a ludicrous association of opposite images, that make us ask, as when we see an ill-assorted and discordant couple, by what singular chance they came together? Yet all this, like Hamlet’s madness, has method in’t—every name, however extraordinary, having some reference (most probably remote and forgotten) to its object. But the march of intellect has played sad pranks with them. Our signs have indeed become wonders—to which *The Bull-and-Gate*, *The Cat-and-Fiddle*, and an hundred other such queer transpositions, bear ample testimony! Nor have authors been behind-hand in this respect: what choice specimens do we find in ancient literature—in the bitter controversies of Tom Nash and Gabriel Harvey?* and in the works of that glorious slang-fellow, the oddest of all oddities of his day, John Taylor, the Water Poet?

* “Pierce Penillesse,” “Lenten Stuffe,” Have with you to Saffron Walden,” “Pappe with a Hatchet.”

Chance may sometimes do as much for a man as design—unless the godfathers and godmothers of *Elkanah Settle* had a Pisgah vision of the dulness of the future City Laureat.

“ With pert dull eyes she window’d well his head,
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead.”

And dubbed him accordingly. What a droll name for a Shakspearian commentator is *Zachariah* ; yet, who that reads the *typographical* illustrations of that learned pundit *will refuse his assent to Zachariah and his notes in conjunction with each other* ?

When we have looked over the *Biographica Dramatica*, and contemplated its contents, we have imagined that all *nominal* wit had been fully anticipated ; but who shall set bounds to invention when inspired by a quick brain and a keen appetite ? We behold, ever and anon, a regiment of comical names drawn forth in ludicrous array ; and, as soldiers generally wear their gold on the *outside* of their pockets, many of these oddities—

“ Keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.”

If we are asked whether “ *Yes*” be among the number, we answer *No* ! It has, in the first place, a title to wit ratified by no mean authority—viz. *brevity* ; besides sundry other recommendations. It is a convenient monosyllable to help off an evening’s entertainment—a side dish for a table when the top, bottom, and centre exhibit a substantial variety of roast and boiled. The plot may be despatched in a few words. A brace of rascally courtiers, anxious to curry favour with their new master, the young sultan of Damascus—and think—

ing the best method of so doing is to pander to his desires, lay violent hands on a beautiful maiden, on her wedding-day, and, in spite of her father and lover, bear her off to the harem. The lady, nothing dazzled by fine promises, resolves to throw herself on the generosity of the prince, and chants forth her pitiful story in tolerable rhyme and pretty music. His highness is transfixed by her beauty, and struck with her arguments—he resolves to be just, and make the rogues pay for their perfidy. The divan is assembled, when Selim makes them swear a great oath that they will answer “Yes!” to every question that he shall propose. The courtiers have no choice but obedience, or the loss of their places, and most probably their heads. His first and second requests are singularly modest, and consistent with an Eastern temperament: five hundred thousand ducats, no matter whence they come, and (Solomon was a fool to him!) three hundred maidens, no matter where they go! Granted.—He next demands (O profane one!) the privilege of a cheerful glass: the Grand Mufti mutters and looks grave, but, feeling his head sit rather loosely upon his shoulders, he agrees to quiet the prophet, and give his highness absolution. His subsequent questions prove awkward posers—he asks, if men who flatter princes, seduce ladies, and pocket the people’s cash, are not a parcel of traitors. They stammer out “Yes!” Whether they do not deserve a dungeon, with no other luxuries than bread and water: “Yes!” with an accompaniment *obligato* of groans. He then orders them off to prison, reserving the most provoking question by way of *finale*—as to their being perfectly *satisfied* with his decree. This produces a corresponding longitude of

countenance, and a concert of supplementary groans of still deeper intonation. The sequel may be easily guessed : the young damsel is united to her lover, and Selim auspiciously begins his reign with the luxury of doing good.

There is a pleasant fellow introduced in the early part of this drama, one Geddino, a reputed idiot, who talks more good sense than all the rest of the *dramatis personæ* put together. This character is ingeniously conceived, and might have been dilated with advantage. "Yes !" is the production of Mr. Somerset, who is already advantageously known to the public by "Sylvanna," "Shakspeare's Early Days," "Crazy Jane," "A Day after the Fair," and other productions of merit.

➡ D—G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; F. *the Flat*, or *Scene running across the back of the Stage* ; D. F. *Door in Flat* ; R. D. *Right Door* ; L. D. *Left Door* ; C. D. *Centre Door* ; S. E. *Second Entrance* ; U. E. *Upper Entrance*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; C. *Centre* ; R. C. *Right of Centre* ; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

. *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

Costume.

SULTAN SELIM.—Green velvet tunic, embroidered with gold—scarlet belt—yellow trousers richly spangled—white turban with rich ornaments—red boots.

KALFAS.—Red velvet tunic—green turban—white trousers—yellow boots.

MOREDDIN.—Yellow velvet long robe—red vest—white trousers—yellow boots.

HASSAN.—Turkish fly, plain—white turban—trousers.

OLD IBRAIM.—Brown tunic—plain vest—white trousers—turban.

GEDDINO.—White plain tunic—blue vest—white trousers—kind of fool's-cap turban formed round the head.

MEMBERS OF THE DIVAN.—Turkish costume of various colours.

BABA MUSTAPHA.—Yellow large gown—full sleeves—green tunic—white trousers—turban

LARA.—*First dress*: Plain white muslin—blue body—white trousers—veil.—*Second dress*: Pink satin, richly embroidered with silver—silk turban—rich veil—white trousers—spangled shoes.

Cast of the Characters,
As Performed at the Surry Theatre, 1829.

<i>Selim, the young Sultan of Damascus</i>	Mr. Curling.
<i>Kalfas, his Grand Vizier</i>	Mr. Dibdin Pitt.
<i>Moreddin (a Black), chief of the Eunuchs</i>	Mr. Ede.
<i>Ibrahim, an aged Shepherd</i>	Mr. Saker.
<i>Hassan, a young Peasant</i>	Mr. Wingrove.
<i>Geddino, a sapient Idiot</i>	Mr. Haddeway.
<i>Alibeg, Grand Mufti</i>	Mr. Wilson.
<i>Lara, daughter to old Ibrahim</i>	Miss Hallande.

Secretary, Old Mustapha, a Peasant, Officers, Slaves, Mutes, Peasantry, &c. &c.
Ladies of the Seraglio.

SCENE—Damascus and its Environs.

“YES!”

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Landscape—the Cottage of old Ibrahim, the Shepherd, L. U. E., half concealed from view by a Shrubby.*

Enter HASSAN, R., with a guitar.

SERENADE.—HASSAN.

The god of day, in orient pride,
Hath chas'd away the dews of night;
Then haste to me, my lovely bride,
And with thy smiles my soul delight.
Thee possessing,
And caressing;
All this heart holds dear—
The rich blessing,
Naught distressing,
What should Hassan fear?

Enter LARA, from the cottage, L.

DUET.—HASSAN and LARA.

<i>Has.</i>	See the sun, in orient pride, Hath chas'd away the dews of night; Then come, my sweet, my lovely bride, And with thy smiles my soul delight
<i>Lara.</i>	I see the sun, in orient pride, Hath chas'd away the gloom of night; And I will, as a constant bride, With smiles my Hassan's soul delight.
<i>Both.</i>	Thee possessing, And caressing, All this heart holds dear— The rich blessing, Naught distressing, What should { Hassan } fear? { Lara }

Has. Thanks to our holy Prophet, who ever smiles on virtuous love, the happy hour will soon arrive when

Lara, the lovely Lara, shall be mine: yet, sweet maid, know that I have one request to urge, which——

Lara. Lara, be assured, can never refuse to her dear Hassan. If it be a command, speak but the word, and I will instantly obey; if a secret, repose it in this bosom, where it shall rest inviolate; if a favour, ask, and it is granted; for well I know that sacred honour dictates every word my Hassan utters.

Has. So fair, so blooming a flower as my dear Lara can never be too cautiously guarded from the public gaze—you guess my meaning—our young sultan, Selim, this day returns from his travels, to mount his late father's throne: on his way to Damascus, he must pass your cottage, which, like the lovely flower it contains, looks sweetest when 'tis modestly concealed.

Lara. I understand—so, so, Hassan—I see you are jealous, and afraid the young sultan might fall in love with me; but banish all apprehensions, for it shall be my constant study, by strict fidelity and unremitted affection, to prove how groundless are your scruples.

Has. My dearest Lara, believe me I never doubted thy truth; yet, love, you will allow 'tis wise to shun unnecessary danger. [*They retire up and water the roses.*]

Enter KALFAS and MOREDDIN, L.

Kal. Thou art right, Moreddin,—we must maintain our places in the divan, cost what it may. New princes, we well know, are very apt to have new favourites; but we will show the world we are no novices in office: we know full well what sort of music charms the ear of a young, ardent, inexperienced monarch.

Mor. True, worthy Kalfas, yet report speaks loudly in the young sultan's praise: they say he has derived much benefit from travelling amongst the infidels of Europe; yet, how that can be possible I am at a loss to conjecture.

Kal. Believe it not, Moreddin. My trusty emissaries have informed me young Selim is addicted to every European vice—in confidence I speak it—I am told, he is rapacious as a hungry wolf; a drinker of that profane liquor, wine; and such a connoisseur of handsome women that—[*Perceives Lara, who instantly veils herself.*] By Alla! what a flower lies buried here. [*Aside to Moreddin.*] I say, Moreddin, could we but gain that damsel for young Selim, and on his arrival present her to him arrayed

in all the blandishments of dress, my life on't we should win his royal smiles, and still continue, as we long have done, to revel in the comfortable sunshine of princely favour. [*To Lara.*] Fair maid! a word with you.

[*Taking her by the hand and leading her forward.*]

Enter Hassan hastily into the cottage, L.

Kal. Nay, lovely maid, hide not those heavenly charms, which we have gazed upon with such delight. Whose daughter art thou?

Enter OLD IBRAIM and HASSAN, alarmed, from cottage, L.

Ibr. (L. c.) She's mine, my lord—my dear, my only child.

Has. (L.) And mine, by tender love and holy contract.

Kal. (R. c.) She's far too fair for a poor peasant-boy! [*To Ibraim.*] Thy humble state proclaims thee one of those whom fortune does not favour. Here, then, hast thou a glorious opportunity to barter poverty for wealth and honour. As confidential ministers of our illustrious young sultan, we would treat with you for your fair daughter; she shall be the ornament and pride of his seraglio.

Has. [*Aside.*] The sultan's ministers! then is resistance vain.

Ibr. [*Clasping his daughter to his breast.*] What! barter my beloved child for gold? I would rather die a felon's death, and suffer all the complicated tortures that malice could inflict!

Mor. (L.) Go to—thou art a fool! so poor a man——

Ibr. True—I am poor; so humble, that I cannot bear the thought of sinking, by an act of self-abasement, much lower than I am. How should I answer for it to high Heaven? No, no—the glitter of a crown would never silence conscience, were I convinced my child had bought her greatness with a broken heart!

Lara. (c.) [*Going with Hassan.*] My lords, with your permission, I'll retire.

Mor. [*Detaining her.*] Not so, fair maid; we deem it our duty to lead you onward in the flowery path that leads to glory and to happiness.

Ibr. Yet pause, my lords! My daughter loves another—she is betrothed to the brave youth who stands before you.

Has. 'Tis true, most mighty visier. Lara is mine! and he who tears her from me, severs my hopes of happiness for ever!

Kal. Seek out another partner; for I tell thee, the maiden goes with us, despite of thy intreaty. Thou know'st the sultan's power--then dread his vengeance!
[*Calling.*] What, ho! a guard here!

Enter an Officer, with a guard, R. U. E.

Mor. Convey this lovely maiden to his highness's seraglio, and there await our coming.

Ibr. For pity's sake!

Has. Oh, poor lost Hassan.

Lara. Father! Hassan! save me! save me!

Mor. Away!

TRIO.—HASSAN, R.—MOREDDIN, C.—LARA, L.

Lara. [*Kneeling.*] When you bend the knee to heaven,
Full of sorrow, grief, and pain—

That your sins may be forgiven,

May you never plead in vain!

Has. [*Kneeling.*] As you hope for mercy, smiling,
Cherub-like, your soul to free—

Ev'ry doubt and fear beguiling,

Oh, such mercy show to me!

Mor. [*To Lara.*] Thus adorn'd by bounteous heaven,
With such charms, who could refrain?

Oft were crowns to beauty given;

Therefore, maid, you plead in vain!

[*To Hassan.*] Therefore, youth, you plead in vain!

[*They struggle.—Exit Guard, with Lara, L.*]

Kal. [*Throwing a purse to Ibraim.*] Remember, we have made a lawful purchase. [*Exeunt Kalfas and Moreddin, L.*]

[*Ibraim tramples on the purse, and seems, with Hassan, sunk into a desponding reverie.—Trumpets heard without.*]

Has. (L.) Hark! the young sultan approaches, on his way to Damascus. We will throw ourselves in his path. Mayhap, he may commiserate our lost condition.

Ibr. Alas, poor boy! thou art ignorant of the arts with which court sycophants prevent the cries of a suffering people from reaching the ears of their sovereign. However, we may step aside, and watch a favourable opportunity.

[*They retire up.*]

GRAND CHORUS OF WARRIORS.

Let the martial trumpet's sound,
 To the listening world around,
 'Mighty Selim's praise proclaim!
 Ever glorious,
 And victorious !
 Ever glorious be his name !

Enter Procession of WARRIORS, KALFAS, MOREDDIN, and other members of the Divan, preceding the young Sultan, Selim, who is borne in a splendid Palanquin, and followed by Guards, R. U. E.

Selim. [*Descending from his Palanquin., c.*] Thanks, worthy friends, for these unfeigned proofs Of your affection for our royal person. Our father's death—the Prophet be his comfort—Hath called us from our travels, to assume The robes of empire ; and Damascus's welfare, To study and promote, shall be our care.

Kal. (R.) The sun which set when your great father died,
 Filling his people's hearts with grief and sorrow,
 Now rises in the sultan of our pride,
 And to a gloomy night succeeds a glorious morrow.

Ibr. [Aside to Hassan.] It is in vain—the sultan is surrounded by his guards, as though he had more cause to fear than love the people who adore him. Come, let us to the palace,—we may succeed better there.

[*Exeunt Ibraim and Hassan, L.—Sounds of rustic Music heard without.*]

Selim. What mean those sounds ?

Kal. [Looking off.] The villagers approach to pay due homage to their youthful sultan.

Enter GEDDINO, a reputed idiot, adorned with a cap and bells, dancing on before a train of Villagers, headed by OLD MUSTAPHA, L.—The Peasantry offer fruits and flowers to the Sultan as they pass.

Selim. (c.) [Smiling.] A strange concert. What have we to expect Where folly runs before ?

Ged. (L. c.) Much more, perhaps, most mighty sultan, from honest folly than from villanous wisdom.

Selim. I like thy answer well. Who and what art thou ?

Ged. Geddino, the poor fool, an't please your majesty, and a dealer in hardware.

Selim. So, so—a merchant. Is thy hardware good?

Ged. By no means, mighty prince; for the hardware poor Geddino deals in, is—truth, a commodity very hard indeed for those to digest who are afraid to hear it.

Selim. I like this fellow. If I were to make A minister of thee, say, merry fool, How wouldst thou act thy part?

Ged. As others do, forsooth—take especial care to feather my own nest—serve my country as far as I can serve myself—get all the loaves and fishes I possibly can, and always say yes to every thing your majesty may take a fancy to demand.

Selim. What better minister could monarch wish for? But say, while all your neighbours bring me presents Of fruits and flowers, do you offer nothing?

Ged. Oh yes, your majesty; 'tis true, Geddino is poor, but yet very generous. I have not only a present to offer you, but a story to tell you into the bargain. So now for it, with your highness' permission. Hem!

Kal. Enough of this foolery! Get thee hence, silly elf.

Selim. Who dares to interrupt? It is our pleasure To listen to the wisdom of this fool.

Ged. There, d'ye hear that, my lord? Now for a sample of my hardware. Once upon a time, a royal lion, king of the beasts, fell dangerously ill, and was confined to his bed. His ministers and officers of state, who were all foxes, thought this a glorious opportunity to impose upon his sick majesty, and manage matters just as they pleased, to the rapid promotion of their own interest, and the no less rapid ruin and decline of the poor unfortunate beasts who were grunting, groaning, neighing, squeaking, squalling, roaring, barking, bellowing, and baaing under their tyrannical authority. Shortly after, his old majesty died, and his son, a vigorous young lion, mounted his father's throne. He was not to be imposed upon; their roguery came to light, and the foxes were all kicked out of their kennel, to make room for more honest animals, while virtue and patriotism, who had been taking such a long nap, suddenly awoke, rubbed their eyes, took off their nightcaps, and resolved to exert every nerve to make a suffering nation happy.

Selim. Who was it gave thee first the name of fool?

Ged. One of your late father's courtiers. I offered him some of my hardware one day, but he gave me a hard knock in return, crying, Fool! get thee gone! And now comes my present; but your majesty must promise not to be angry with poor Geddino.

Selim. Produce thy present; thou hast naught to fear.

Ged. There, your highness, is poor Geddino's present.

[He gives the sultan a pair of spectacles.]

Selim. *[Smiling.]* Such things are for the aged and infirm;

I am young, and need no helps to sharpen sight.

Why give to me these glasses?

Ged. Marry, because, now that you are about to mount your father's throne, you'll be obliged to see with other eyes than your own. But it can't be helped. Heigho! 'tis the lot of majesty all the world over.

Selim. A hint well worth regarding: honest fool, Thou shalt with me to court.

Ged. No, I thank your majesty, I'd rather stay where I am.

Selim. And why so, pray?

Ged. Because, if I go to court, I'm afraid the door that lets me in would let my honesty out; so, with your highness' leave, I'll e'en continue a poor simple fool, and sell my hardware, whenever I can find a customer.

Selim. E'en as thou wilt, yet thou'lt accept this purse.

Ged. Most willingly, for here's a poor old man long past his labour: your highness' bounty will yield him comfort; *[Gives the purse to Old Mustapha.]* but I am young and strong, so heaven bless your gracious majesty, and send you good advisers.

Selim. Good honest fool, farewell—now to Damascus! *[The Sultan remounts his palanquin, and is carried off in procession as before—Geddino and Peasantry exeunt, L. U. E.]*

CHORUS. *[Repeated.]*

Let the martial trumpet's sound
To the listening world around,
Mighty Selim's praise proclaim,
Ever glorious
And victorious!
Ever glorious be his name!

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in the Sultan's Palace.*

Enter KALFAS and MOREDDIN, R.

Kal. (R.) Say, good Moreddin, how fares the lovely Lara, our captive?

Mor. Right well, and all the art that Damascus can boast have we lavished in the adornment of her person : she looks e'en more than mortal.

Kal. I joy to hear it:—our youthful sultan will be here anon, and then, as 'twere by accident, we'll place the lovely Lara in his way—his heart inflamed, he will of course inquire to whom he is indebted for so rich a treasure—we then step forward, claim the merit due, and gain our point, young Selim's royal favour.

Mor. Just so ; by Mahomet, a glorious thought ! and see, the beauteous maiden comes this way, attended by her women.

Enter LARA, in costly attire as a princess, with attendants, L.

Lara. (c.) [*To Kalfas.*] Oh, say, my lord, where is our mighty sultan ? [*Kneels.*]

Kal. Rise, fairest ornament of Selim's court ; our royal master will be here anon ; fear not ; thy fortune, maiden, is most sure. [*Retires up with Moreddin.*]

Mor. (R.) [*Aside to Kalfas.*] The snare is laid, and soon the royal lion will be ours.

Lara. Oh, wretched Lara ! what will be thy fate ?
I will appeal to Selim's generous soul !
He cannot hear a hapless maiden sigh ;
He cannot see a lovelorn maiden weep,
Without relenting ! Alla be my aid !

Enter SELIM, L., without observing Lara, who veils herself hastily.

Selim. Now for the arduous duties of a monarch :
There are, who fancy it an easy task,
To view at once the state of a whole land,
And nicely to discriminate between
The idle murmurs of the disaffected,
And the just claims of loyalty oppress'd
But reason smiles at such enthusiasts.
A monarch's heart, though restless as the deep—
A monarch's eye, though it should never sleep,
Cannot conceive or see one half the things
Which ought to reach the eyes and hearts of kings.

[*Turning, perceives Lara.*]
Most bounteous Alla ! what a lovely form !

[*Approaches Lara.*]
Oh, let me gaze upon those heavenly charms,
Which, like the sun behind a silvery cloud,

Are by that envious veil conceal'd from view.

[*He gently lifts her veil.*]

By all the hopes of happiness above,
The fairest flower these eyes did e'er behold !
What friendly hand did from thy native Eden
Transplant thee into happy Selim's bosom ?

[*Kalfas and Moreddin advance, and prostrate themselves at the Sultan's feet.*]

Kal. (R. c.) Your ever faithful and obedient slaves,
Who humbly crave your majesty's acceptance
Of all Damascus can of beauty boast.

Selim. (c.) Say not Damascus—rather say the world.
Rise, worthy vizier, and Moreddin too ;
Accept our thanks for this most godlike gift,
And ever shall the sun of royal favour
Shine graciously upon you. [*He directs them to retire.*]

Kal. [*Aside to Moreddin.*] We have him fast enough.

Mor. True honest Kalfas, the young lion's caught.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

Selim. [*To Lara.*] Yet, fair maid,
I long to learn from those sweet lips of thine,
The story of thy life ; confide in me,—
Say who thou art, bless'd angel from above,
And then to revel in the joys of love !

ROMANZA.—LARA, L.

Mighty prince, stain not your glory,

But with an attentive ear,

Listen to my plaintive story,

And in pity drop a tear.

In a humble habitation,

Far from envy, noise, and strife,

Still contented with my station,

I did pass my early life.

There a youth, by music's power,

Won my heart,—I blush'd in vain :

And from that bewitching hour,

I have felt love's pleasing pain.

Thus, the happiest child of nature,

I was torn from those I love ;

And condemn'd, a wretched creature,

Splendid misery to prove.

Stain not, mighty prince, your glory,

But let pity banish fear ;

And reward my plaintive story

With the tribute of a tear !

Selim. So fair and yet so hapless ! say, sweet maid,
What is thy lover's name ?

Lara. Hassan, most mighty sultan ; and Ibraim, the aged shepherd, is my father.

Selim. Retire awhile, fair maid, and be resigned,
To meet the fate by Providence decreed.

Lara. Oh, Hassan ! shall we ever meet again !

[*Exit, R.*

Selim. Who waits without ?

Enter a Mute, R.

Send hither our grand vizier and Moreddin,
With all the other members of our Divan. [*Exit Mute.*
A heavenly girl ! and yet to burst the ties
Of tender love, were not the way to win her.

*Enter KALFAS, MOREDDIN, ALIBEG, the GRAND MUFTI,
and other members of the Divan, R.*

Selim. (C.) Well met, my lords,—we will to business
Straight, in the council chamber.

Kal. (R.C.) To business so soon, most gracious prince !
More prosperous Damascus could not be ;
We all are at our posts, and full of zeal
For Selim's glory and our country's weal !

Mor. (R.) More trusty servants nowhere could be found.

Selim. Misunderstand me not ; I do not wish
Nor mean to be a drudge, a very slave ;
For I am young, and gay, and fond of pleasure :
But on my travels I have spent so much,
That money I must have ;—think you the Divan
Will cheerfully consent to our demands ?

Kal. They will, my gracious liege.

Sel. Then promise, one and all, to answer yes,
And not a word but yes, to every question
We may propose.

Omnes. We do !

Selim. Nay, I must have an oath, a solemn oath.
Swear, by our holy Prophet, to say yes,
And only yes—whether we ask for money,
For women, or what not What say you, sirs ?

[*They confer a moment.*

Kal. [*Aside.*] If we refuse, we all shall lose our places.

Omnes. Alla forbid ! We do consent.

[*All raise their hands.*

Kal. We swear, by Mahomet, to answer yes !

Selim. It is enough.

Ibr. [*Without.*] Prevent me not, for I must see the sultan.

Enter IBRAIM, with a paper, and HASSAN, L.

Ibr. (L. c.) and Has. (L.) Justice, most mighty sultan!

Kal. What means this bold intrusion into the royal presence? Begone!

Selim. Thy errand, aged man? What brings thee hither?

Ibr. The wrongs and sufferings of my poor lost child!

Has. A wretched father and an injured lover

Implore protection against tyranny!

Ibr. As this petition clearly will explain.

Kal. Hence! to the divan offer thy petition,
For neither time nor place are here befitting.

Mor. [*Crosses to L.C.—Advances to thrust Ibraim out.*] Away, intruder!

Ibr. I do obey; and yet, most gracious sultan,
'Tis grievous that the sky is seldom clear
Between a monarch and his faithful people.

[*Pointedly to Moreddin, the black Eunuch, who stands between him and the sultan.*

Some black malicious cloud is sure to hide
The glorious light that else would shine upon them.

[*Exeunt Ibraim and Hassan, L.*

Selim. My trusty servants all, now to the divan.

[*Grand flourish.—Exeunt Omnes, R.*

SCENE III.—*The Imperial Divan.*

Enter KALFAS, MOREDDIN, ALIBEG, and Courtiers, L., and seat themselves—a Slave hands each of them a hooka, or pipe—and a small portable lamp, to kindle their tobacco by—near him who acts as secretary stands a curious kind of wickerwork basket, containing slips of paper for lighting their pipes.

Kal. (R. c.) My lords, 'twere needless for me to remind you

Of that most solemn oath which we have sworn;

It is our duty—be it, too, our pride—

Religiously to keep it. [*Trumpets.*] Hark, our monarch,

The noble Selim, comes to the divan.

Grand flourish.—Enter SELIM—all rise and pay their obedience to him—he mounts his throne—a Slave gives him a hooka.

Selim. Let the divan proceed to business

With all convenient speed and due discretion.

Enter IBRAIM and HASSAN, L.

Ibr. (L. c.) Obedient to command, we now submit
To the assembled divan our petition.

My daughter, Lara, from these aged arms

Hath most inhumanly been torn away,
Leaving her poor old father comfortless.

Kal. (R.) Such heavenly charms are worthy of a crown;
Why, then, impede the maiden's path to glory?

Has. (L.) She loved, and in her humble state enjoyed,
What crowns and sceptres seldom do bestow—
Sweet peace of mind and heavenly contentment.
The air that fanned her brow was not more pure—
The lambs she tended not more innocent—
Than was my gentle Lara, when you tore her,
Like hungry wolves, from Hassan's fond embrace.

Kal. 'Tis false! we made a fair and lawful purchase.

Ibr. [*Throwing him the purse with great indignation.*] Take
back thy mammon, and give me my child,
Pure and unspotted as she left these arms;
Or may the thunders of all-righteous Alla
Crush thee to atoms!

Selim. Old man,
Though winters' snow lies scattered o'er thy brow,
Thy speech betrays the ardent fire of youth.
Be moderate, and justice shall be done thee.

[*To the Divan.*]

Let his petition meet all due attention.

[*Exeunt Ibraim and Hassan, L.—The petition is handed round to the members of the divan, who confer on its contents—it is then given to the Secretary.*]

Sec. It is ordered that old Ibraim's petition be thrown into the basket.

[*He throws it into the basket, and Moredidin instantly takes it out again, and lights his pipe with it.*]

Selim. Now, then, to state affairs.—My worthy lords,
After such proofs of your unfeigned zeal
For our royal self, we cannot doubt
Your willingness to grant what we shall ask. [*All bow assent.*]
Our father's treasury is but ill replenish'd—
I must have gold, that charm of human life,
Which of a desert makes a paradise.
Five hundred thousand ducats is the sum
Which I must have, no matter whence it comes,
Before to-morrow's dawn: say, is it granted?

Omnes. Yes!

Selim. And then, to toy away life's leisure hours,
There's nothing like the smile of lovely woman:
I'm young, and am determined to enjoy
Life's pleasures while I may. Three hundred maidens,

The daughters of the north, south, east, and west,
Fair as the nymphs who dwell in paradise,
Yet sympathizing with mortality,
Shall grace our harem. Answer, is it granted?

Omnes. Yes!

Selim. And, on our travels, we did offer largely
To Bacchus, the enlivening god of wine.

[To Alibeg, the grand Mufti.]

We know it is against our Prophet's law—

Yet, holy father, may I hope from you,
Indulgent to my youth, your kind assent,
And absolution to my sinful soul,

If I again should quaff the flowing bowl?

Ali. Yes!

Selim. It is enough. *[Descends from his throne, and comes forward—all rise.]* We do dismiss the divan.

[They are about to retire.]

One word yet, ere we part. *[Ironically.]* Kind gentlemen,
You most religiously have kept your oath,
And will do so, no doubt; for perjury
Is, in Damascus, death! Three questions more:

[Assuming a severe air.]

Do not the men who flatter youthful folly
Betray their country—tear a poor young creature
From a fond father's and a lover's arms—
And waste the treasures of a suffering people,
Deserve the name of traitors?

Omnes. *[Staring at each other aghast, they stammer out.]*
"Yes!"

Selim. Nay, more—for life
To pine on bread and water in a dungeon?

Omnes. *[Terrified.]* Yes!

Selim. *[To an Officer of the Guard.]* You hear, sir, what
they say. Convey them hence!

And in the deepest dungeon of our castle
Let them reflect on their most wicked conduct.
They might have acted honestly, and warned
My youth and inexperience of danger;
Have told me how the royal ear is poisoned
By flattery—but no—their only thought
Was how to save their places, not their country!
Away with them to prison! Gentlemen!
Are you quite satisfied with our decision?

Omnes. *[Groaning piteously.]* Yes! *[Exeunt, guarded.]*

Selim. *[To a Mute.]* Conduct the lovely Lara to our
presence. *[Exit Mute, R.]*

Though but a young bird-catcher, I've ensnared
The ravens who would have devoured my people.

Enter LARA, attended by her Women, R.

Selim. Say, lovely Lara, do you still prefer
A humble lot to all the pomp of state?

Lara. Oh, mighty sultan! where is my poor father
And Hassan? Give me but them—I ask no more.

Selim. They're here, restored by Selim to your arms.

[Beckons to a Mute, who opens the folding-doors, C. F.—

Ibraim and Hassan rush in.

Then take them, and be happy.

Ibr. My child!

Has. My Lara!

Selim. Who would not be a prince in such a moment?

Enter GEDDINO, the Fool, R.

Ged. (R. C.) Well, here I am: your majesty invited
me to court, you know; and, though I at first refused,
yet, hearing the glorious news, I could'nt help coming
to congratulate your high mightiness. So you are be-
come a dealer in hardware, too, I find; and have, like
the young lion in my story, kicked the old foxes out of
their kennel—and a happy event it will prove for us all,
won't it, neighbours?

Omnes. Yes!

Selim. The heart that woman's sufferings cannot move,
Deserves a woman's love to ne'er possess.
Then, if young Selim's conduct you approve,
He hopes you'll kindly smile and answer yes!

CHORUS—FINALE.

Yes! Yes! Yes!
Our prince we do applaud,
For having overawed,
And hurl'd into confusion,
By noble resolution,
The tyrants whom we hate.
Yes! Yes! Yes!
Our prince we must applaud;
Our prince we do applaud.
Yes! Yes! Yes!

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

<i>Guards.</i>	<i>Officers.</i>	<i>Peasantry.</i>
OFFICER. GEDDINO. SELIM. IBRAIM. LARA. HASSAN.		
R.]		[L.

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